

ALL NEW MYSTERY  
ADVENTURES

# CHARLIE CHAN



10¢

THIS BOMB WILL BE PLACED AT  
THE MUSEUM, TO GO OFF AT  
EXACTLY THREE! YOU'LL  
HAVE TEN MINUTES TO  
GET US THE MICRO-  
FILM!

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ALL ACES IN ENEMY  
HAND, PERHAPS  
ENEMY WILL OVER-  
PLAY  
SAME!



EARL DERR BIGGERS'  
WORLD FAMOUS DETECTIVE

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was  
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000% I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!  
I won NEW POPULARITY for WINNING at all SPORTS!

BEFORE WON NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS  
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE!

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



GET ALL 5 FREE

1



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM  
By GEORGE F. JOVENT

2



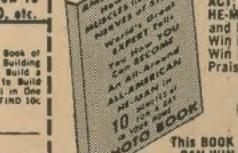
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK  
By GEORGE F. JOVENT

3



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP  
By GEORGE F. JOVENT

4



HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS  
By GEORGE F. JOVENT

5



He Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15 SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus



Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

### LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-61

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Janett Courses guaranteed for Building All-Around Men. - E. F. Kelley, Physical Director

JOVETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
275 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jovett's Photo Book of Strong Men, and my choice of all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume! How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN! ENCLOSED FIND INC FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)



MAIL the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Praise, Promotion, Praise, Popularity

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

CHARLIE CHAN

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March, 1956

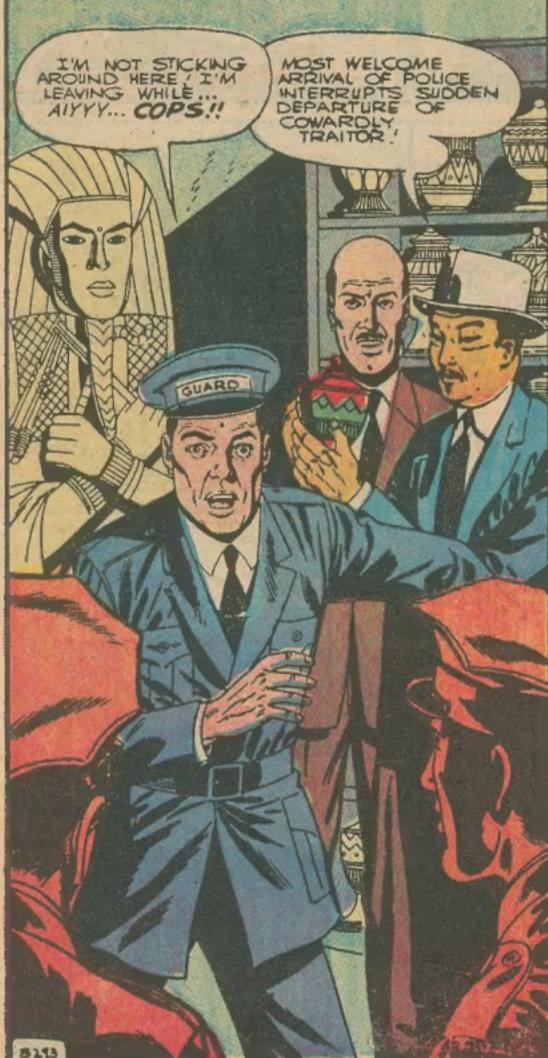
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# CHARLIE CHAN



Chinese Proverb Say...

"WHO WOULD PLAN EVIL DEED  
TO SPLIT SECOND MAY FIND  
SELF INVOLVED IN  
TROUBLESOME TIME"



FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22, 1935, THE OFFICE OF DOCTOR FRANK SHELL, DIRECTOR OF THE CITY ART MUSEUM...

THIS HUMBLE PERSON WILL MEET DR. RITTER ABOARD VESSEL, "HOPE", AS HONORABLE DIRECTOR REQUESTS.

THE SHIP DOCKS AT NINE!  
I'LL GIVE YOU A PASS!



NINE A.M. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1935...

HAVE PASS ALLOWING THIS LOWLY ONE TO ENTER SHIP. I AM VISITING FAMED ARCHEOLOGIST, DR. ARTHUR RITTER!

I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO TAKE YOU TO DOCTOR RITTER'S CABIN, SIR. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



# CHARLIE CHAN

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

CHAN, THE VALUE OF THIS OLD EGYPTIAN CANOPIC JAR IS SO GREAT THAT NOT EVEN DR. SHELL DARES TO TRANSPORT IT HIMSELF! GUARD IT WELL!

SAFEST WAY SIMPLEST! STRAW AND JAR IN INCONSPICUOUS SATCHEL OF HUMBLE CITIZEN!

THAT'S SURE WAS A QUICK JOB, MR. CHAN!

CORRECTION, PLEASE, BIRMINGHAM! JOB NOT YET FINISHED TILL ARTICLE OF VALUE DELIVERED! TO TWIST PHRASE OF OLD COIN-AGE: "SHORTEST WAY HOME SOMETIMES LONGEST WAY 'ROUND'."



AS CHARLIE CHAN STEPS TO THE CURB IN FRONT OF THE CITY MUSEUM, ANOTHER CAR STOPS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...



I'LL TAKE THAT BAG, MISTER! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

WHO ARGUES WITH GUN FINDS QUICK END TO TALK!

CAN YOU GET THAT LICENSE NUMBER, MR. CHAN?

SMOKE SCREEN MOST EFFECTIVE, SINCE THIS HUMBLE ONE HAVE NOT X-RAY EYES!

UNHAPPY TO REPORT LOSS OF VALUED JAR, TAKEN AT GUN-POINT!

WHAT! YOU MEAN YOU LET THE JAR BE TAKEN? WHAT KIND OF A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?



# CHARLIE CHAN

BUT FIRST THIS HUMBLE ONE TOOK MICROFILM FROM FALSE BOTTOM OF JAR! PERHAPS VALUE OF JAR NOW NOT SO GREAT?

WHEW! YOU'RE RIGHT! THE CANOPIC JAR WAS JUST AN IMITATION. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU ALL, BUT THOUGHT IT WAS AN EXTRA PRE-CAUTION NOT TO!

THIS FILM WAS SHOT BY OUR SECRET AGENTS IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY! IT DETAILS AN ENEMY'S COMPLETE PLANS FOR THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA! OUR GOVERNMENT DECIDED ON THIS MEANS OF TRANSFERRING THE INFORMATION! DURING THE TRIP, DR. RITTER NEVER LEFT HIS STATEROOM!

THE FILM WILL BE KEPT IN OUR VAULT UNTIL THE ARMY PICKS IT UP MONDAY! OUR ENEMY WILL TRY TO GET IT.

WILL YOU WATCH FOR SUSPICIOUS ACTS UNTIL THEN?

THIS LOWLY ONE HONOR-ED! ASK ONLY TO HAVE NUMBER ONE SON'S HELP!



THE HOURS TICK SLOWLY THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE MUSEUM STANDS STARKLY SILENT, LOOKING LONELY AND DESERTED. OUTSIDE THERE IS NO SIGN OF ACTIVITY...



BUT INSIDE...

POP! LET'S HURRY... I'M SURE I SAW SOMEONE MOVING AT THE END OF THAT CORRIDOR!

HOPE ELDEST SON IS NOT HAVING TROUBLE WITH EYES! PERHAPS TOO CLOSE TO IMAGINATION!



IT'S NO IMAGINATION, MISTER! DON'T YELL OUT! WE DON'T MIND LETTING YOU HAVE IT. MOVE TOWARD THE SIDE ENTRANCE!

VOICE NO MATCH FOR THICK WALL OF BUILDING! BREATH, LIKE MONEY, SHOULD NOT BE WASTED!



# DAVY TO THE RESCUE!

# GIVEN!

**BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES! MEN!**

WE GIVE YOU CASH  
OR PREMIUMS!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!  
THAT DAVY CRICKET IS  
BOUGH ON INJINS!

THANKS FOR SAVING  
ME FROM THOSE  
BULLIES, DAVY! WA  
TO S

An illustration of various toys including a telescope, a clock, dolls, and a camera, with the text 'MY TOYS' above them.

GOLLY! I NEVER SAW SUCH NEAT THINGS! WHERE'D YOU GET THEM? I EARNED 'EM IN MY SPARE TIME SELLING WHITE CLOVERING BRAND SALVE. IT WAS EASY.

LEAH: LEI'S GIVE YA  
BEING INJUNS AND SS  
YEAR IN THAT COUPON SO  
THAT CAN EARN SOME SW  
ANG?!  
PREMIUMS TOO!!

An illustration of a Native American man in a red vest and a woman in a red dress, both holding packages, standing in a landscape with a speech bubble above them.

MAIL COUPON  
**GET BIG CATALOG**  
Comdid Camera with carry-  
ing case, Telescopes, Watches,  
(item C) **ONLY \$1.50** GIVE pho-  
tutes with WHITE CLOVERINE  
brand **SALVE** easily sold to  
friends, neighbors, relatives  
or 35¢ a box (with picture).  
Almanacs, Billboards, Bibles,  
Blankets, Movie Machines,  
Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Player,  
etc., Roller Skates,  
Telescopes.

White Chemical Co., Dept. C-149  
Troy, N. Y. Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
Gentlemen—Please send me on trial 14 color prints  
with 1 or 2 copies of white CLOVER END BROWN SOLVENT  
in 35 mm. cans (with picture) I will remit postage asked  
within 10 days. I selected a Premium or kept Cost Commer-  
cial as explained under Premium or kept in catalog sent  
with order, postage paid to 1871.

OUR BEST YEAR. WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL COUPON NOW! WE TRUST YOU.

# CHARLIE CHAN

APPEARS NEW SECURITY CHECK  
NEEDED FOR EMPLOYEES OF  
MUSEUM! PERHAPS ONE FLY  
GET THROUGH SCREENING,  
BUT ONE FLY CAN OPEN  
DOOR FOR MANY!

BY THE  
TIME YOU  
REPORT  
THAT, BUB,  
IT WON'T  
MATTER!

ANOTHER THING, YOU'RE  
NOT BLINDFOLDED  
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO PUT THE  
FINGER ON US OR  
OUR HIDE-OUT!

TEN FINGERS  
HAVE THIRTY  
JOINTS. POINT  
MANY  
WAYS!



A SHORT TIME AGO...

SO! THE GREAT CHARLIE  
CHAN! SEEMS AS IF  
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART  
AFTER ALL! JUST PART  
OF DECADENT CIVILIZATION!  
LOOKS LIKE  
WE'LL HAVE THE  
LAST LAUGH,  
CHAN!

OLD SAYING:  
"WHO LAUGHS  
LAST, SLOW  
TO GET  
JOKE!"

WELL, THIS IS NO  
JOKE, KNOW  
WHAT THIS IS?  
IT'S AN ATOMIC  
TIME BOMB!  
SET FOR THREE  
O'CLOCK TOMORROW  
AFTERNOON!  
POWERFUL  
ENOUGH TO  
WRECK A  
WHOLE BUILDING  
LIKE THE CITY  
MUSEUM...

TOMORROW, YOU'LL BE  
TAKEN TO THE MUSEUM  
AT EXACTLY TEN MIN-  
UTES BEFORE THREE!  
YOU'LL HAVE JUST  
TEN MINUTES TO  
GET THE FILM  
AND GIVE IT

AND IF  
DEED NOT  
ACCOMPLISH  
ED 2



THE BOMB WILL BLOW  
THE PLACE APART! LOTS  
OF VISITORS THERE, TOO,  
AT THREE OCLOCK!  
BESIDES, WE'RE  
KEEPING YOUR SON  
AS HOSTAGE, TO  
GUARANTEE YOUR  
PERFORMANCE!

ALL ACES IN  
ENEMY HAND,  
PERHAPS ENEMY  
WILL OVERPLAY  
SAME!



# CHARLIE CHAN



# CHARLIE CHAN

AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, ACROSS TOWN...



MEANWHILE, AT THE MUSEUM...



There are, Mr. Chan! What do you suggest?

One thing to do: look for right jar!

It's one minute to three! I'm getting out of here, fast, while I'm still in one piece!



Hold it you! Not so fast!

B-B-BUT THE BOMB! IT'LL GO OFF!!

Thought time would expose traitor! One fly in flytrap!



LATER, THE ARRIVAL OF THE BOMB SQUAD...

Okay, I've detached the bomb mechanism! It's harmless! But say, it's already 3:30! Must have been a fake!

No fake...

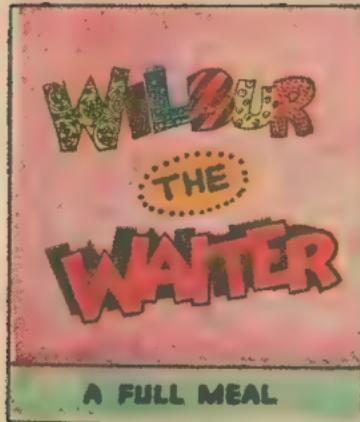


... last night saw clock enemy used in hideout still **ON STANDARD TIME**, like this humble one's watch! Today start **DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME**, so set both ahead one hour! Bomb still set on standard time!

Pop! I'm free!



# CHARLIE CHAN



CHARLIE CHAN

# CHARLIE CHAN



It is written in ancient book of wisdom, that...

CROOKED TRAIL TO WEALTH  
LEADS ONLY TO...

**FOOL'S GOLD**

I GUESS OLD PETE CAN  
BE GLAD WE WERE GIVEN THAT  
RIDE BACK IN THE TRUCK! IT  
SURE RELIEVED HIM FROM HAVING  
TO TRUDGE OUT TO THE  
MINE TO GUIDE US BACK!

IF ELDEST SON WILL USE EYES HE  
WILL SEE THAT OLD PETE GONE ON  
LONGER JOURNEY--TO JOIN ANCESTORS.



THIS ROAD'S SURE ROUGH  
ON YOUR TIRES, MR CHAN. THERE IS PETE ROSS AT  
GLAD WERE AT THE END  
OF THE LINE!

AGREE, BIRMINGHAM.  
THERE IS PETE ROSS AT  
CABIN DOOR, HOWEVER.  
LOOKS ANCIENT AND AGELESS  
AS USUAL. HAVE KNOWN  
MANY YEARS. WILL BE MOST  
RELIABLE GUIDE.



WELL, DAD BURN IT,  
IF I AIN'T CHARLIE  
CHAN! WHAT IN  
THUNDERATION  
BRINGS YUH UP  
IN THESE HERE  
HILLS?

NEED HONORABLE PETE'S EXPERT  
GUIDANCE IN FINDING CERTAIN  
URANIUM MINING OPERATION. HAVE  
ACCEPTED STOCK IN URANIUM  
MINE IN PAYMENT FOR RECENT  
EFFORTS OF THIS HUMBLE ONE.  
HAVE DESIRE ONLY TO KNOW IF  
VALUE RECEIVED HAS ANY VALUE.



# CHARLIE CHAN

NIX ON THAT NEW-BAWN-ILM STUFF! BLT, CHARLIE, I GOT A GOLD MINE WORTH A MILLION! I'LL SHOW YUH, ON YUH, THOUGH! I'M SORT OF KEEPIN' AN SURE NUMBER IT QUIET.

ONE SON WILL RESTRAIN CURIOSITY AND RE-MAIN WITH BIRMINGHAM.

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, BIRMINGHAM? WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BE LET IN ON THE SECRET!

I RECKON YOU'D BETTER LEAVE IT UP TO YOUR POP MISTER JIMMY. HE GENERALLY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

LATER...

NEVER MIND THAT CLACKIN' MACHINE, CHARLIE! I'LL HIT A RICH VEIN MY OWN WAY. DAD BLAST IT, TURNED DOWN TEN THOUSAND FOR THE MINE LAST WEEK! GOT ENOUGH CASH HID IN THE CABIN TUH KEEP ME TILL I STRIKE RICH, AM GLAD TOO, FOR OLD FRIEND!



# CHARLIE CHAN



# CHARLIE CHAN



# Now! The Amazing Facts about

# BALDNESS

## ...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

### BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called *Seborrhea* and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

**1. DRY SEBORRHEA.** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry itchy dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

**2. OILY SEBORRHEA.** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Seborrhea usually itch. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Men and women agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms: *Staphylococcus albus*, *Microsporum ovale*, and *Acnes bacillus*.

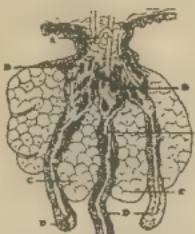
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—and helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES  
Caused By Seborrhea**

A - Dead hairs, B - Hair-destroying bacteria, C - Hypertrophied sebaceous glands, D - Atrophic follicles

### A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R. J., Stevens, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff, my head does not itch any more. I think it's the best of all the formulas I have used." —F. E., Hammon, Okla.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first to do a total freedom of my very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J. E. M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —H. M., Johnston, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J. N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R. W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T. J., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for it and it has given me in regard to the terrible seborrhea." —R. L. Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

© 1950 Comate Laboratories Inc., 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

### COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 651K 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Enclosed find \$5.00, Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

# CHARLIE CHAN

THE SHERIFF LEADS THE WAY TO MANUEL'S SHACK...

GET YOUR CLOTHES ON, MANUEL. YOU'RE WANTED FOR THE MURDER OF PETE ROSS!

NO NO! SENOR SHERIFF EES WRONG! I AM SEEK EN BED WEETH STOMACH ACHE! TREE DAY I AM SEEK!

BUT, SENOR SHERIFF! I DEED NOT KEEL OLD MAN! I DEED NOT ROB HEEM! I KNOW NOTHING!

YOU'LL KNOW PLENTY WHEN THE JURY FINDS YOU GUILTY. MEANWHILE YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

YES, HERE'S A RECORD OF THE TRANSACTION PETE ROSS SOLD HIS MINE LAST WEEK TO ARNOLD FIERCE. JUST WENT ON RECORD YESTERDAY.

HE'S A WEALTHY MAN, MR. CHAN. HE'S DOING A LOT OF MINING AROUND HERE.

COULD SEE THIS PERSON PLEASE?

AT THE HOME OF ARNOLD FIERCE.

I'M MIGHTY SORRY TO LEARN THE OLD MAN'S DEAD, SHERIFF. I JUST BOUGHT HIS MINE!

STRANGE. WAS OF OPINION VENERABLE PETE DID NOT DESIRE TO SELL MINE.

HE HELD OUT SO LONG, HE DIDN'T WANT TO ADVERTISE HE'D CHANGED HIS MIND. I'LL SHOW YOU THE DEED GOT IT RIGHT HERE.

THIS HUMBLE PERSON IS OBLIGED FOR COURTESY.



# CHARLIE CHAN



## COLOR BLIND



6

"Safes, boxes, anything you can break into. What difference does it make what you pick up after that—jewels or gimcracks, furs or fishing rods. All of it can be melted down into cash." He glanced sharply at the aging crook. "The Star of Egypt is a heavy stone, heavy enough for a millstone, Slip. Take my advice. Don't hang it round your neck."

Slip nodded and said goodbye. Outside he walked a bit, got his own copy of the identical clipping Brens had produced out of his vest pocket and shredded it carefully. He knew all the details now, anyway. Then he took a taxi to Sam Shippick's.

Sam recognized him the instant Slip walked in. He read off a list of stuff he needed, including new clothes. Sam pointed to a back room. When Slip had finished with Sam's tailors, he came out carrying a box with the new clothes in it. Sam handed him a tiny case of delicate burglar tools.

"Big job?" he inquired mildly. "Need any help?"

"I'll need somebody," Slip said.

Sam wrote something on a slip of paper. He shoved it over to Slip. Slip filled in a few lines. Sam glanced at them.

"He'll be there," Sam said. "Luck."

"Luck," Slip said briefly. He went home and began making preparations. Brens, if he expected him to go for the Star at all, would never expect Slip to move so quickly. He'd expect Slip to wait for a day or two. Slip planned to surprise him. He'd snatch the Star of Egypt that very night. Then a fast trip to a fence and a faster trip out of the city. Planes would get him forever out of Brens' reach.

On the way to the warehouse where the crown was kept after exhibition hours, Slip thought of Brens. He'd be fit to be tied. He glanced behind him. All clear. He got out of the cab a block from the place. He noticed a shadow detach itself from the appointed spot and move toward him as he came up. Slip nodded. The man nodded back. Slip beckoned and the other casually fell in step behind him.

Slip's step was characteristically cat like as he skirted the rear of the place. A thousand and one traps might be lying in wait. Some of them might even be alive—cops. It was a

RIDING back to the city from the Big House, Slip Ferran shuddered. He fingered the ten dollar bill the State had given him as a farewell present. Then he thought of something pleasant. He thought of Sam Shippick's specialty store. Once he'd seen Sam, there would be plenty more of the tenners. The train, rocking gently, started a stream of thought through his mind. Then he read the day-old paper again and smiled.

Sam dealt in everything needed by the well equipped crook. And Sam asked no questions. He didn't even ask for money. That came out of the proceeds of the first job.

Getting off the train at his appointed station, Slip fingered his parole slip. He took a small furnished room and dutifully dropped over to the familiar precinct. He asked for Detective Brens.

The desk sergeant jerked a thumb down a corridor. Slip lit a cigarette and wondered if Brens had put on any weight since sending him to the Big House four years before.

Brens had. Brens waved Slip to a chair.

"The warden phoned me when you left, Slip," he said. "Glad to see you. I was afraid for awhile you wouldn't bother reporting to the precinct."

"I'm not a fool, Brens," Slip said.

"Matter of opinion," Brens said humorlessly. "Down to your last dime?"

"That's my business," Slip said, with asperity.

"It's mine," Brens replied. "From now until your parole runs out." His eyes narrowed. "Slip, you've never reformed. Maybe you never will. But maybe, if you had a job . . ."

Slip shuddered.

"If you had a job," Brens continued relentlessly. "Nothing too heavy and maybe paying well, you might avoid the temptation to steal the Star of Egypt." He waved a clipping in front of Slip. "It's a big ruby in an ancient oriental crown. It's just arrived in this country for exhibition before it's broken down for sale."

Slip shook his head indignantly.

"Never heard of it," he said. "Besides I never slipped a gem in my life. Maybe a couple of strong-boxes, but that's all."

"That's just what I'm 'king' about, Slip," Brens said. He stood up in token of dismissal.

# CHARLIE CHAN

thrilling challenge to an operator like Slip. He opened the first door effortlessly with his tiny key.

Behind him, Sam Shippick's man came in silently. Slip stopped a few times to examine wires. His judgment was acute. Some he cut, others he short-circuited. In ten minutes he knew he'd shorted every burglar alarm in the building.

"Duck!" the man behind him suddenly whispered, nervously. Slip backed against the wall of the corridor. Ahead of them a step sounded. A watchman came out of a doorway on his rounds. He passed them within inches. Slip breathed as the footsteps died away. He grinned in the dark. They headed straight for the jewel vaults.

The watchman came out suddenly in front of Slip. He was swinging.

"Wha . . ." Slip's heart seemed to stick in his throat. The watchman struck, one big fist smashing into Slip's nose. Slip's head wobbled but it quickly cleared. The watchman drew back for another smash. Then Slip's expert right came up from the ground. It drove like a rocket and exploded against the watchman's chin.

"Too bad you didn't cushion it for me," Slip said to the man behind him. "You're being paid for it." He rubbed his fist triumphantly. "Got to save my fingers for more delicate work," he chuckled.

The other grunted.

Slip knew the toughest part was over. Opening a safe was child's play for him. With the keys at the watchman's belt, they didn't have to bust open the door into the jewel vaults. Slip went down the line of steel, hinged slabs alphabetically. When he came to the one he wanted, he almost laughed out loud. Nothing could pierce that steel but brains. And he had the brains.

He got out a tiny stethoscope, placed it against the combination lock and started playing with the tumblers. A few minutes and he pulled sharply on the handle. The door swung open. Slip took out the crown. It was cold, chilling to the touch.

The other man suddenly stiffened. Slip went rigid. A door seemed to creak outside, down the corridor. Slip moved as swiftly as a snake. He felt round the crown until his sensitive fingers found the great jewel atop its apex. He wrenched it loose. One flash of the tiny light showed him it was the ruby. He slammed the crown back, closed the safe door and nimbly dropped the ruby into his partner's overcoat pocket. He'd collect it later, at Sam's.

Slip's heart pounded. He'd got his hands on a quarter of a million bucks—tax free. In the midst of danger he chuckled. Then came

a rush of feet down the corridor, the sound of voices. Slip whispered the rendezvous at Sam's, then a few instructions.

The pair divided in the darkness like two blades of a scissos. Slip went down a back flight of stairs as silently as a cat. He gained the ground floor in split seconds. Already he was bored. Escape would be so easy. And Sam Shippick's man must have reached safety. Slip had let him take the way of guaranteed escape. He stepped into the darkened street just off an alley.

A light blazed suddenly in his face. Brens got out of the waiting police car.

"Embarrassed, Slip?" Brens asked.

Slip smiled. His nerves were steady. At most they'd get him for loitering, stepping into a doorway to light a match.

"Just walking by," he explained. "You won't find anything on me, Brens."

Brens didn't. The detective frowned.

Cops poured out of the building. They seemed to be bringing Sam Shippick's man with them. Slip was still steady. He knew the Star was on the other. The accomplice put his hand in his coat pocket and gave Brens a big red stone.

"He dropped it in my pocket when the cops busted in," the man said.

Slip stared, white as a sheet. Brens smiled grimly.

"The guy Sam sent over was too early," Brens said. "The cop on the beat spotted him loitering and he told us the whole story—that he was waiting for you." Handcuffs clicked on Slip.

"In the meantime," Brens continued, "the cop got the owner of a cigar store around the corner that was closing to stand in for Shippick's man—and meet you." He paused. "We're picking up Sam, too."

**S**LIP sighed. "At least, back in the Big House, they'll point me out as the guy who stole the Star of Egypt—or almost."

"Not even almost," Brens said, holding up the red stone. "You got flustered when the boys came in. You thought the Star was the blockbuster in the top of the crown, just because it was big and red."

"In fact," Brens continued, "the real Star is a rare, smaller ruby stone, set in a circle of others on the side of the crown. This thing is just a great big red spinel worth about ten bucks. Even experts have trouble telling them apart from rubies, and . . ."

Brens stopped. One of the cops caught Slip just before he hit the sidewalk backwards. He'd fainted dead away.

THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

# FLANAGAN'S BANK

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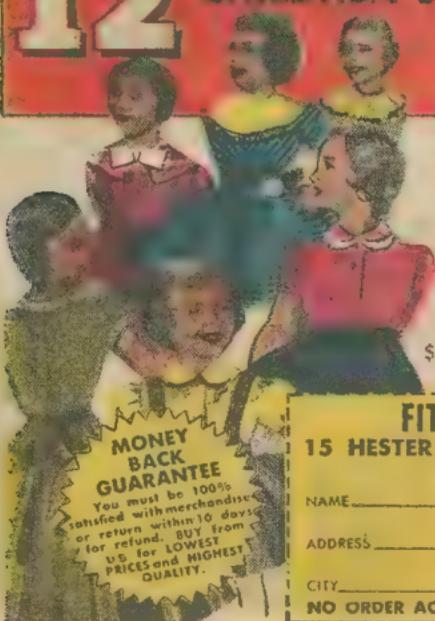
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HAND OF TIME! HE WHO TRIES, ONLY SLASHES SELF  
BADLY--AND MUST PAY... **THE PENALTY**"



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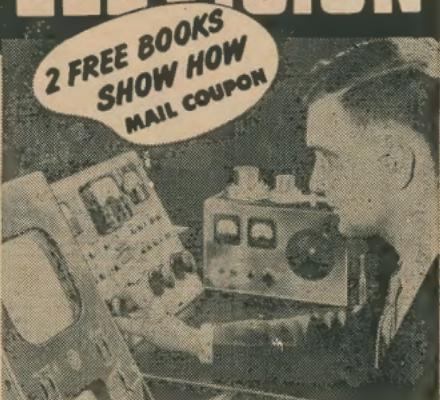
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